

SPECIAL PHILLY BASH REPORT !



"Philly was a gas I heard the other day..."

G.C.P. #6 - MID-FEB., 1989

START !

Hey! I seriously don't know where to start - I've got a ton of rough notes (and I have to say "From Hell" 'cause they're so fucking unreadable, eh - that was our token Canadian "eh" for the issue, by the way), and a million things running around what's left of my brain! What a trip! I'll indulge myself with my personal highlight now, since this is the part of GAG that I usually ramble on about myself anyway. Her name is Cathy Lockbaum, and she is an absolute sweetheart of a girl (and pretty weird to boot, just like me - that's the best!). I really like her and I think she really likes me, so I think we'll be giving a shot to a bit of a long distance romance - is that nice or what!? (After having read GAG #3 and having gotten to know me somewhat, she was worried about what I might have to say about her in this - wonder why?) And for those of you who actually saw her - look, guys, I don't want any cheap Billy Travis jokes. She's 22, and, no, I didn't believe it either until I checked her I.D., which looked legit. But the one thing I will never forget was carrying on like we did in the Holiday Inn front lobby (with at least six people who walked by saying something along the lines of, "Get a room, asshole!"). That was just great! I felt like a 12 year old again. I just wish somebody had taken a picture! By the way, thanks to Lance "Man Of Lunch" LeVine for keeping an eye on me while he was chatting up Cathy's 30 year old married sister - I hope you feel guilty!

Anyway, there's a lot of fun, sickness, and perversion inside these pages, so in the words of the immortal Joey Ramone - "Hey Ho Let's Go!" (Actually, if you want to have even more fun, try to count how many times I over-use terms like "cool" or "hot", or phrases like "That was the best!" or "That was just great!")

CREDITS AND STUFF !

GAG is forced upon you by Jeff Zinger, 541 Devonshire Ave., Woodstock, Ont. N4S 5P9. Phone: (519)539-4515. WOODSTOCK RECORDS info elsewhere. Most of the help this time out was from Skellet and Nicky for helping me remember/jotting down rough notes for me. Oh yeah - a belated thank you to Stacey Hoskin for drawing GAG #3's Pin-Up Page (there, Stace, will you stop beating me up now!).



We'll start off here with you guys grabbing your GAG PHOTO ALBUM and turning to page 4. Since there wasn't enough room to identify "A bunch of marks!", we'll do that now. From left to right (sort of): Randy Smith (right at the edge), John "Johnny Mac" McAdam, Steve "Mr. Comedy" Sims, "Lunch" LeVine, Jammie "The Jamm-Man" Ward's back of his head, Angel "The Sequel", a semi-erect pillow, Scott Dickenson, an unidentified mark, Rat #2, and a side view of "Wildfire" Tommy "I've got shrimp so big you can put a saddle on them!" Robinson...picked up lots and lots of stuff from our visit to that big Mall (that's actually two Malls) - cool clothes (thanks to Johnny McAdam for the official Aca Joe's discount - I still owe you, buddy, and I hope you get that hot Aca Joe babe sometime!), a really hot poster of Traci Lords (which is being framed even as we speak), and one of Christina Applegate (the chick from the best comedy show on TV, "Married With Children". When I grow up, I wanna be just like Al Bundy!), some CD's and Cassettes (the new Replacements album, "Don't Tell A Soul", is really good!), videos ("Godzilla Vs. Gigan", "Sid And Nancy", "Beach Blanket Bingo"), and lots of great U.S. porn mags...thanks to Joel Goodhart (even though he'll never see this) for getting us Canadians up on stage with Missy Hyatt at the Squared Circle lunch thing. Problem is, Steve Sims took five shots of it with my camera but forgot to press the "flash" button! Smart guy, our Steve...speaking of Missy, you had to be really impressed with the way she handled things at the lunch. With guys like me who couldn't say hello without their voice changing, and all the nerds there that needed cups under their chins to collect the drool, and with the incredibly stupid questions she was being asked (my favourite was ~~What~~ Rat From Hell asking her if she went to Valet School!), she came across very professional and very cool, and does she look great live or what?!...hello to Ron Lemieux, the married guy who's still cool...also hi to Mike Gunter, who came up with a couple of great one-liners that I was too drunk to remember, that's when I wasn't living in mortal fear of getting a double-goozelll (that's the Canadian way to spell it) from him...me and "The Lunch Man" tried to do an audio tape of the NWA card on Saturday night but it was so boring we couldn't even be funny. I did come up with the new GAG match rating system: Fully Erect (excellent), Semi Erect (good), and Limp (bad), and variations like A Little Stiff, etc. etc. For example, we'll rate the Sting/Gilbert vs. Flair/Windham match (here comes some serious wrestling journalism, folks!): Eddie, Barry, and Ric were cool as usual, but Sting seemed to be on Mars or somewhere. However, the other three's performance gave this one an Almost Fully Erect But Not Really, Kind Of. How's that? I think this system is a lot easier to understand than anyone else's...thanks to Jammie "Double MM" Ward for having us over on Friday night and for the food and the beer. That was great - now can you just explain to me what the deal is with the two "M"'s?! Maybe I'll spell "Jeff", "Jef" from now on...a while back, I bought a new suit and thought, "Man, this looks like something Paul E. would wear!". So I'm watching one of the recent TBS shows, and there he is, with the exact same suit! I was pretty thrilled at first, but then I realized that I looked much better in it than he did. Sorry, Paul...Gene "The Twitch" Anderson rules!...Thank God Gregg Scatton got most of his obscure hardcore/speed metal albums, so we didn't have to hear him going, "I can't find fucking anything! They got sections for them and there's nothing fucking in them!", anymore...next issue we hope to publish a picture of the infamous

"Four Whoresmen of Perversion": myself, Tom Robinson, Lance LeVine, John McAdam, with Gregg Scatton as Kendell and Harry (formerly "J.J.", now "Hiro") White as Administrative Director. I know that's more than four, but when's the last time the Horsemen actually had four members!? With Kendell in now, I guess its 2½. Anyway, wait'll you see the shirts I'm having made up, with penis heads instead of horse heads. I can see the ads now, too - instead of "The Men- The Symbol- The Look" it'll be "The Length- The Size- The Thickness"...I think my life was complete when Tommy "Wildfire" Robinson borrowed a condom off of me at the matches. (I love the word "borrowed" - I mean, would I want it back? With or without wrapper?) I did however forget to tell Tom about the ancient Canadian custom of putting Campbell's Cream Of Beef on it instead of spermicide. Tom would probably enjoy that, though...while on Tom (not literally, thank God!), I was just thrilled to death to meet the famous Angel The Rat (by the way, what's this rumour floating around about someone having Angel in his room and telling her Stu Hart stories for 4 hours? Who could that be?), and I hope she doesn't beat you up too badly for your infamous "Fuck the Marks" letter in #3, because she looks like she could...I never want to hear another Jack Victory at The Marriot story again! "Three more drinks and I'll speak Russian all night!" Ha Ha Ha...I personally am very disillusioned with the fact that it seems like 75% of all in the business are ~~scumbags~~. At least now I don't feel so bad for not going back to The Marriot after the card...Ricky Steamboat's kid was the subject of many great angles - however, I still would like to see him simply posted and be done with! If I were really brave, I'd print what would happen to Bonnie during this. Actually, I've thought about this whole thing in detail, and I think it's hilarious, so if anyone phones me, be sure to ask (Censorship in GAG - Shock Horror!)...lots of Double D.M.B.'s (Double Do Me Bitches) in Philly, except that most of them were with 40 year old fat goofs in suits. I couldn't believe the amount of girls with really big breasts and tiny, tiny waists. We don't get a lot of girls up here in the wilds like that... went to a bar called Della Pollas, or something like that. It was okay (there was this hot blonde there with legs that started at her feet and went all the way up to her ass!), and John "McSlamEm" started me on this "Melonball" thing that I got really toasted on one night. "Johnny Mac" and Gregg Scatton and his twin brother, Greg Skellet closed the place that night with Bernie Kosar, or as John would say, "We closed the fuckin' place with fuckin' Bernie Kosar, man!"...I got shot down big-time by the room service bimbo, and both me and "Let's Do Lunch" got blew off by her later. Too bad it wasn't literally, as long as I didn't have to watch when she was doing it to Lance!...oh, by the way, Lance, I do not have tuberculosis!...talk about your co-incidences! I bought a Syracuse Sweatshirt, Gregg bought a Michigan Sweat, and McAdam bought an Oklahoma Sweat, all from the same place at seperate times! I know you're going "so what?", but we thought we were the fuckin' Varsity Club!...now it's time to devote some space to our "Guru of Perversion", Harry White. First of all, that British Reebok shirt was pretty cool, but why did you have to wear it four days in a row? The NBC shirts we were planning on buying would have been a hell of a lot cheaper, I'm sure. That Harry is such a trend-setter!... thanks to "Hiro" for the hilarious tape, plus for showing me an issue of THE NATIONAL INSIDER, dated May 24, 1964, with the headline, "Breast Worship Can Cause Cancer". Yeah, well, so does smoking and I do both so I guess I'm history...I invented a game at the card

... AND THE MEANDERINGS KEEP RIGHT ON COMING !

when that "Euthanasia" chick was all stretched out below us on the seats called "Throw Popcorn At The Pudenda" and I could tell Harry really wanted to play but we wouldn't let him...Harry had some great quotes (one is later in this issue), but he said something really funny about "nipple tweaks" and something else about "vaginal secretions" that I'd just kill to remember. But the absolute funniest Harry White moment was when he walked into Denny's, and totally grossed out the lady sitting behind him when he stood up and loudly stated his order of "Deep Fried Turkey Testicles" and "Baked Guinea Pig", reciting it like it was the "Sermon From The Mount"...I wonder where the angle was leading with that Angel "The Sequel" chick we met. Can't figure that one out...me and Lance really did a number on Gregg. You see, one woman with the initials B. A. had the hots for him big-time. She spent 45 minutes staring at his turned back (which was turned because he was playing hard-to-get), before she made her move and finally came up to talk to him. Of course, us two slipped around the corner of the pole we were leaning on and left him alone with her. It was great! However, Nick inadvertently made the save and ruined it for us. Gregg wouldn't talk to us for about 15 minutes - he was pissed off! I don't blame him, though, I would be too!...And could B. A. dance or what!?!...The early matches at the card were so bad (how bad were they, fuckhead?) that the most heat was when us up in the balcony chanted "Mac A Dam, Mac A Dam" at John McAdam in the front row...another censored story is Lance's bad experience. Ask him about "butt-naked" sometime when you're talking to him...Nick Suozzi, not knowing anyone but me and Gregg and Greg, got the best welcome from anybody when McAdam yelled at him, "Hey Nicky, what country you from, man!"...thanks to Randy Smith for springing for the pizza one night, and for taking us on that fine scenic tour of Philly on the way to the matches - that is, the other way...do any of you guys who don't know Dave Meltzer feel the same way I do around him - like, totally intimidated? I mean, what do you talk about when he's going to know more about it anyway? Or the fear of saying something really stupid? I was kind of drunk one night when we were all sitting in the room and loudly stated "Owen Hart is a ~~fuck~~" and it was like the whole room quieted right down and I thought Dave was going into shock. I didn't even look at him the rest of the night! Then I thought of actually phoning him to discuss "Journalistic Ethics" (seriously) but I couldn't do that either. Oh well...thanks to "Uncle" Dave for keeping us entertained with all his stories, although I still want to hear the one he teased us with on the last night as we were leaving...some of you may already know this, but things were pretty ugly between me and Lance LeVine, editor of CHOKEHOLD, at the beginning of the trip - over this "From Hell" thing. However, we did settle out of court, narrowly averting an all-out bulletin war (Bulletinn Wars I, as the NWA would call it). And, believe it or not, are actually on working relations right now. Check out the next GAG for the debut of Lance's column, "Lunchmeat", and the next CHOKEHOLD should have "The GAG Half-Page From Hell!". We are also in tense negotiations for a team-up publication possibly called CHOKE 'N GROAN or maybe GRUNT 'N HOLD. Sounds pretty good, eh? (That's two for you bloody Yanks!)...and that, my friends, is about it!

PHILLY QUOTABLE QUOTES

(with apologies to READER'S DIGEST)

"That's totally wicked cool, T.R.!"

- John McAdam

"It's not whether the wrestler is a druggie - it's whether he's into buggery!"

- Greg Skellet

"I blew Ric Flair!"

- Jammie Ward

"You don't have to be gay to enjoy one of Jammie's blow-jobs."

- Harry White

"Get off of there you idiot!"

- Ric Flair

THE HELP SAVE GAG FUND

Here's the deal! This mailing cost me quite a bit and, added on with the stuff I've sent out before, even more (obviously). NO WAY do I want GAG to have to go "aboveground", start selling it and let lots of goofs get it (beside you lovable goofs that get it now!). I've said it before - GAG is just meant for "cool" people and small land animals.

So - if you bulletin guys would maybe extend my subscription an issue or two, you guys living around my area could maybe buy me a beer (or ten), you video guys could maybe give me a deal on my next tape order, you "regular" guys could maybe send me a couple of bucks, you famous celebrity types could maybe just ignore this part altogether because you'll keep getting these anyway - that would be just great! Oh yeah - and all you millions of Hot Love Babes From Hell reading this could maybe give me a ferocious blow... whoops, sorry - that was a joke. Ha! (Don't you just hate people who quote Alf!?) I enjoy (sort of) doing GAG to death, but cringe when I see how much I spend in postage and printing and stuff. If you don't enjoy GAG and don't want to keep getting it, write me a nasty letter and tell me where to go!

Thanks to all who bought the T-shirts. There are, as of today, six shirts left, at \$10 each including First Class mailing (I'm not getting rich on these, believe me!). And if you think that they're too obnoxious to wear, do what Brian Tramel did - frame it and put it up on you're wall. Makes a great conversation piece.

And stay tuned for our next product - The GAG Baseball Hat! (Anything else you'd like to see? Maybe pens, bumper-stickers, condoms, shoes etc. etc.? Let me know.)

starring JOHN MIRANDA • ANNABELLA WOOD and as the "HEAD" BUTCHER BERWICK KALER in **GORGEOUS GORY COLOR**

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THE BIT AT THE END

Now to get serious just for a moment - I can't remember the last time I had as much fun as the Philly Bash weekend. You guys are the best! And I'm looking forward to our next get-together a lot!

Later,



PS: (And just what does "PS" stand for, Greg(g)?) You people who said that you'd write something for GAG better live up to your word - and remember to tell me if you want the famous "Name Withheld" business.

ANOTHER, LONGER PS: My folks just left me alone (yes, I still live at home - it's cheap and Lloyd and Mary are great!) for a month and a half and Sims and LeVine are coming down (up?) here the weekend of March 10 - if anyone wants to join them and me and Gregg and Greg and Nick and Smith and Moss, "Bad" Brad, the "Gyurk Man" and the whole gang around here for an action-packed time (highlighted by a night at the famous "Zoo"!), let me know. Cathy's coming done before that, too, but you guys can't come down for that one. (Maybe we'll make a video!)

STILL ANOTHER, EVEN LONGER THAN THE LAST ONE, PS: Thanks to Steve Sims for a great job organizing the Philly Bash, and, by the way, Steve's "Announcing Rumble From Hell" is a shoe-in for the next GAG Awards - THE FUNNIEST PIECE OF WRESTLING JOURNALISM IN A NEWS-LETTER AWARD - just great stuff! Now if only Steve would have let me run it in GAG - I may have gotten some credibility!

THIS IS IT, HONESTLY, PS: Stey Tooned nextt isue fore my Harvee Cob parodee, fans commplet withth tiping mistakkes an know actuul knowwlige off thee engllishh llanguage!! It may be a while before I do the next GAG, though - I'm pretty burned out and actually almost a little sick of wrestling right now (I just went two whole days without watching any rasslin' video - amazing!). I think I'll try to actually pay a bit of attention to the store and maybe make some money for a change!

OKAY, SO I WAS LYING PS: One more thing - next issue will return to a more "family orientated" publication. To quote from our official by-laws: "The publisher of this book guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining and it is clean." So, next time out, due to popular demand, we will have a nude photo of Shannon from WOODSTOCK RECORDS.

408 Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ontario N4S 1B9
(519) 539-3373

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